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mies of liberty and free discussion in both countries.

POPULAR DESPAIR ITS OWN CURE.

"A people, when they are reduced unto misery and despair" says Harrington in his *Oceana*, "become their own politicians, as certain beasts, when they are sick, become their own physicians, and are carried by a natural instinct unto the desire of such herbs as are their proper cure."

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF THE FACULTY OF ATTENTION ABSORBING ALL THE POWERS OF PERCEPTION.

The following anecdote shews how completely every feeling may be absorbed by the faculty of attention. An officer, who had the misfortune of being severely wounded in an engagement, notwithstanding all that could be done for him by the most eminent surgeons in London, continued to suffer such excruciating pain, as obliged him to give up the service, and go home to his friends.

In this remote situation, he was attended by a very young practitioner, who, devoting his attention to the

case, declared his belief that a piece of the leather of the belt had been carried by the ball into the shoulder-blade, from whence it might be extracted by an operation. The patient not having sufficient confidence in his skill, consulted higher authority, and in consequence, rejected the proposal; till at length, worn out by suffering, he consented to try the remedy proposed.

The young Surgeon, whose character and success in life were deeply interested in the event, performed the operation with complete success; and having triumphantly produced the fragment which had occasioned so much torture, began to compliment his patient on the fortitude he had displayed during the application of the instrument, as he had not heard him utter the slightest groan. The attendants could scarcely forbear smiling at the speech, as they well knew that the piercing shrieks of the sufferer were so loud as to have been heard at some furlongs distance. So completely in this instance, had the attention of the operator been occupied on the object to which it was directed, as to absorb all the powers of perception.

Mrs. Hamilton's Popular Essays.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MELANCHOLY.

"I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples; extracted from many objects; in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

SHAKESPEARE.

COME, Melancholy, meek-ey'd, musing
maid,
My earliest, tend'rest, homogeneous friend,
Come, and attune thy sweetly-plaintive
lyre;
And whilst thy notes mellifluous strike my
ear,
In apt unlabour'd numbers teach my voice
Delightfully accordant, thee to sing.

When rose-crown'd pleasure, with enchantment soft,
And festive mirth, and beauty have conspir'd

To lap my cares in bland forgetfulness,
Oft have I stole unseen, with thee, to taste
The pure delights of peaceful solitude ;
Wand'ring, I knew not whither, till my
steps

Have been arrested by the village cur,
With bristly mane, and eye-balls gleaming
fire,

Yelping innoxious round the humble cot,
The surly guardian of its rustic tenants,
Who sally forth to chide th' officious
brawler,

And unobstructed let the stranger pass.

'Tis sweet to listen to the village maid,
While straying unobserv'd, she sweetly
chaunts

The woe-fraught diity of some love-lorn-
swain,

Sorrowing unpitied by his haughty fair,
Till haply seated on the daisied bank
Of some slow-winding stream, intent to
plunge

Hopeless into its waters ! th' alluring voice
Of the relenting charmer strikes his ear,
And calls him from his rash determination
Into the blissful hymeneal bow'r.

But lo ! in graceful majesty of mien,
Thy beauteous fading-form, Annette, ap-
pears,

And whilst I heave for thee the pitying
sigh,

My vagrant muse restrains the roving
flight

Of elfin fancy, and with tend'rest grief,
And silent sympathy, broods o'er thy woes.

Erewhile, when of the happy rural train
The happiest thou, till Florival appear'd,
A gallant, gay deceiver ; much he lov'd,
And promis'd much, till thy too easy
heart,

Became th' abused victim of his falsehoods,
His practised finesse.—Anon he boasts
His hated triumphs o'er thy yielding heart ;
While slow-convulsing grief, and lean des-
pair,

And anguish inly pining, fiend-like fit
Around thy head, or else securely sap
The crumbling countercarp of blighted
beauty.

Can there, Oh ! gracious Heaven ! be-
neath the guise

Of manhood lurk a monster so detested !
And do thy thunders sleep, thy lightnings
gleam

Harmlessly playful round the caitiff wretch.
But see ! the frenzied girl indignant pours
With trembling hand unseen, the deathful
poison

Into the aliment for him prepar'd :

Stung with remorse, then seeks the medic
aid ;

Then, frantic screams impatient at the
news

Of its too sure effects. Again she raves ;
Again, in boding calmness, strives to share
With her lov'd infant the deceitful drug ;
But lo ! the lovely cherub pouting sips
The draught abhorrent, droops its little
head

Upon her bosom ; then, th' untender act
In all its horrors, rises to her view,
And all the mother rushes round her heart.

Meanwhile she hears, the dear incon-
stant lives,

And blesses Heaven—resigns her tender
charge

To his paternal care ; then quaffs the bowl,
And falls a prey to unrelenting death !*

Ye gen'rous youths, who o'er my tragic
tale

Let fall the hallow'd tear at pity's shrine,
And mourn the hapless maid : hear my
appeal !

When the brisk blood in circling eddies
flows

Salacious through your veins ; restrain
the thought

To innocence seductive.—

Lure not from virtuous purity the maid,
Who unsuspecting lists your love-sick tale.

'Tis sweet to stray in the autumnal
months,

When Phœbus' fervid rays have tinged the
leaves

With sober bronze, warning the rustic
tribes

Of coming winter ; when th' Æolian
breeze

Sweeps lightly rustling through the stilly
grove,

And echo's drowsy ear is ne'er assail'd
By the soft feathery warblers woodland
notes,

Save, when Nietymene in rueful dirge,
With harsh ilapses, frights the playful
boy.

* A circumstance, exactly as above re-
lated, occurred a very few years ago in
the County of Derry. The author
has not the most distant wish of exciting
painful recollections in the breast of the
present surviving party, or any concerned,
but merely hopes, that the example will
deter others from a crime, which may e-
ventually end in a similar catastrophe.

From school releas'd, unnoting the quick
lapse
Of lightly-tripping time, peeping intent
To pluck the jetty berry from the thorn,
And to his playmates tell the strange em-
prise.

But say my muse, when at the fall of eve,
With lov'd Elvira list'ning to thy lay,
Seated beneath an arbour's thick'ning shade,
While at our feet the streamlet murmur'ing
flow'd
Responsive to the organs deep-ton'd notes
From neighbor'ing abbey sent, where the
rapt nun,
In heaven-taught symphony, her vespers
pour'd,

And choral seraphs swept the varied string,
Sweetly harmonious to the hymning breeze,
Which bore the hallow'd strain in fairy
sounds
Delightful through the air; Oh! then to
catch

The dear, emphatic language of thine eye,
Thy rapture-speaking smile, thy angel
glance,
Than fabled Houri, lovelier to my sight
Elvira thou, pride of my ravish'd lay.

Or if by wayward fancy haply borne
To church-yards drear, where sleeps the
mould'ring dust
Of num'rous generations, long forgot,
I drop th' unconscious tear, and sated turn
Averse, from all the anxious cares of life,
His dear solicitudes, its trivial sweets,
And unsubstantial vanities, involv'd
In lordly ruin, stalking o'er the tomb

Of short-liv'd joy; where the memorial
verse
Tells how they liv'd, lov'd, sorrow'd, joy'd,
and died,
The sum transmissive of this weary life.

Lit by the moon-beam wan I wend my
way
To where yon castellated ruin stands,
With creeping ivy crown'd, the former
haunts

Of pageant pomp, and mirthful revelry,
For ever hush'd; here, where the sinew'd
arm

Of tilting energy, uplifted brav'd
The steel-clad warrior, to the dubious
fight,

And the voluptuous eye in eager gaze,
Spoke to the heart ineffable delight,
Dull silence reigns. I leave these joyless
courts,

And turn to thee, the quick impulsive
strain,

Cecilia, thou whose ornamented mind,
Hast travell'd through the varied scene
of things,

Deducing but imperfect satisfaction,
And languid joy, till haply brought to
seek

That sacred consolation, heavenly balm,
Religion offers to her votive train,
Herself in radiant loveliness array'd;
Whilst young-eyed Hope enraptur'd points
the way

Which leads to joys interminate, reserv'd
For virtue's favour'd followers in Heaven.

Ballymena.

S.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

Specification of the Patent granted to John Millard, of Cheapside, in the City of London, Lincn Draper, for a method of manufacturing Cotton Wool free from Mixture into Cloth, for the Purpose of regulating Perspiration. Dated July 14, 1814.

I THE said John Millard do hereby declare that the manner or method of manufacturing my cotton twine cloth, for regulating the perspiration, and prevention of taking cold, is as follows: That the purest and choicest cotton wool, of East India or Brazil growth, be selected, prepared, and spun, by the machinery of

Arkwright's invention, or by other machinery equally effective, so as to produce a thread free from inequalities, of the size of the three hundred and twentieth part of an inch circle, and twisted so as to carry a weight of two pounds avoirdupoise, and so in proportion for the various qualities to be produced. The warp and the weft to be of the same twine, and wove into cloth by the steam apparatus, called the power loom, the expense of the erection of which, with the various apparatus, is from £20,000 to £25,000; by which the cloth is produced of a certain even fa-